

# Guide to Life.

No. XIV.

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## Pictures of London News.

Most of our readers ere this will have been acquainted with the decease of the noble and learned lord whose portrait appears in our columns.

James Scarlett, Lord Abinger, was the descendant of a family which settled in Jamaica as long ago as the first establishment of the colony. In that island they lived long enough to acquire considerable wealth and distinction, and there Lord Abinger was born, the second and last surviving son of Robert Scarlett by his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Anglin. As a natural result of the locality in which he had been born, it was necessary for Lord Abinger to leave his home and travel to Europe, in order to secure the benefit of such an education as his early powers seemed entitled to receive; and for this purpose he was consigned to the care of a friend in the north of England at as early an age as he could venture to travel alone. He was placed for a short time at a public-school, but was soon removed to Cambridge, where he entered as a fellow-commoner of Trinity College. In four years he took the degree of B. A., and shortly afterwards quitted the university. Within one year after his call to the bar, viz., on the 22d of August, 1792, he married the third daughter of Mr. Campbell, of Kilmorey, in Argyleshire, by whom he had three sons and two daughters; of the latter, the eldest is the lady of Lord Campbell, who enjoys a peerage in her own right as Baroness Stratheden.

On quitting the university he came to London, and devoted himself to his profession with great ardour, selecting as the chief object of his laborious studies the perusal of modern reports, which he esteemed the speediest road to success as an advocate. By the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple he was called to the bar in the year 1791. It has frequently been observed, that the possession of any considerable patrimony proves an impediment to success in the arduous and often discouraging pursuit of legal eminence. To this general rule the subject of the present memoir formed a remarkable exception. Although he inherited more than a competent independence, he devoted himself to the most laborious of all professions with an earnest perseverance of which there are few examples, and with an industry rarely called into existence by any stimulus less than the pressure of actual necessity. It would seem as if in his case the gifts of nature had been so improved by the accidents of education, as that no bounty of fortune could abate his assiduity, nor any allurements of pleasure corrupt the dignified ambition which aimed at judicial rank, and was eventually gratified by ample income and hereditary dignity.

Mr. Scarlett started in life as a Whig in politics, and no extraordinary



THE LATE LORD ABINGER.

rapidity of advancement characterised his life at the bar: thirty briefs did not pour in upon him within the compass of a single day, as happened to Mr. Erskine in the early portion of his career; on the contrary, Mr. Scarlett proceeded with a secure and steady success, which was sure to wear well, having been dearly and honestly purchased. In due course the leader of his circuit presented him with a bag, but not until he had business enough to render that species of accommodation quite needful. Notwithstanding this success, twenty-three years elapsed between Mr. Scarlett's call to the bar and his acquisition of a silk gown. At length, in the year 1816, he was called within the bar, invested with a silk gown, and became, therefore, one of that eminent body known as "his Majesty's counsel learned in the law." From this time forward a large proportion of the leading business of the court of King's Bench fell into his hands; and there came at the same time a considerable increase of fees, without any great augmentation of labour. To enter the House of Commons, became the next object of his ambition, and he forthwith offered himself as a candidate for the borough of

Lewes; but his opponent, Sir John Shelley, was elected by a majority of nineteen. The demise of George the Third, however, necessarily led to a general election, and he accepted the offer of the late Earl of Fitzwilliam to come in for Peterborough. In 1827, on the retirement of Sir C. Wetherell, Mr. Scarlett was appointed Attorney-General; but after holding that office only eight months, he likewise retired, to make way for the return of his predecessor. In 1829 the Catholic Emancipation Bill led Sir Charles Wetherell once more to withdraw his support from the Wellington Administration, and Sir James Scarlett was again appointed Attorney-General, an office which he held till November, 1830, when the Duke of Wellington was forced to resign the helm of government into the hands of Earl Grey. In 1834 Sir Robert Peel was called upon by his Sovereign to resume the guidance of public affairs, and Sir James Scarlett was appointed to succeed Lord Lyndhurst as Chief Baron of the Exchequer—a dignity which he filled till the day of his death.

His eldest son, now Lord Abinger, was born in 1794, and sat in the House of Commons, for Norwich, from 1835 till 1837, and afterwards for Horsham, for which place his elevation to the peerage leaves a vacancy. The present Lord Abinger was married in 1824, and has a family of children. Another son of the late Lord Abinger is in the army. One of his daughters is the wife of Lord Campbell, and another is married to Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edmund Currey.



**LITERATURE FOR THE LOWEST CLASSES.**—THE DYING WORDS OF ELIZABETH WELLINGTON, an unfortunate woman who was found under a hay-rick, in a field near the Great North Road, between London and Edinburgh. It was in one of the bitter nights during the severe winter of the year 1794, that the passengers of a stage-coach travelling to the north, were alarmed by groans which seemed to proceed from a field adjoining to the road. The coachman could not be prevailed on to stop till he reached the top of a hill he was at the moment ascending; he then agreed that if something was given him to drink, he would wait while they went to see from whence the groans proceeded. The travellers immediately alighted, and the guard, taking one of the coach-lamps in his hand, walked back with them into the field; their search for some time was vain; but approaching a hay-rick at which cattle were feeding, a groan more feebly uttered again was heard; following the sound, they were at once interested and distressed by the object presented to their view. Lying at length under shelter of the rick, in a dark and dismal night, apparently exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and cold, thinly clothed, with a form and countenance which had once been pleasing, they discovered a female, almost frozen to death. After gently raising her head, and rubbing her clay-cold limbs till a little warmth was perceived, they conveyed down her throat, with some difficulty, a small quantity of cordial, from a pocket-case of one of the company. Some faint signs of life at length appearing encouraged them to persevere in their humane work; they then wrapped her in a great-coat, and carried her to the coach, in which having previously agreed to pay the fare they were permitted to place her. As the poor creature recovered, the change of situation was explained to her, when she thanked her deliverers for their kind offices, but attempting to speak further, fainted away. The motion of a heavy coach was too much for her weak condition, and the benevolent persons to whom Providence had assigned her determined to set her down at the first public-house they passed, and to direct that proper care should be taken. It was not long before they stopped to change horses, and leave some of the passengers; the mistress of the house was called, who readily assisted in rendering every service in her power; but notwithstanding all their endeavours, they clearly saw that the hand of death was on the unfortunate stranger. Convinced also by her own feelings of the approach of that awful moment, which we all dread, though so few of us prepare to meet it, she earnestly entreated that a minister of the Gospel might be sent for without delay. The clergyman of the parish soon arrived; after examining the state of her soul, he opened to her the treasures of everlasting life, as contained in the Holy Scriptures, and poured on her wounded spirit the precious balm of comfort and condolence. He joined with her in prayer and supplication, and she received at his hands the restorative sacramental cup, of hope grounded on repentance, and mercy through an interceding Redeemer. Though her mind was composed, her strength failed, and the fainting fits returned; but proper medicines being given by an apothecary of the village, after a short repose she seemed a little better, and was very anxious to say something to the company collected in the chamber, conscious that if the present opportunity was lost, her lips in a short time would be for ever closed. Desiring her benefactors to draw nearer the bed, she addressed them in the following words, as well as her weak state permitted, and soon after resigned her breath:

"The kindness I have experienced at your hands, it is not in my power, but I hope the Almighty will repay. You must naturally be desirous to know something of a forlorn wretch, in whose behalf you have so warmly interested yourselves, and whom in the unjustifiable anguish of despair, I was tempted to consider as deserted by God and man; but the worthy minister has convinced me that *ours is a God of mercy*, and the treatment I have experienced from *you*, also proves that although this is a wicked world, there are many worthy characters, who imitate their Creator in this glorious attribute. I was born of poor but honest parents in a northern county; myself and an elder sister was the whole of their family; my father did not repine at that state of life in which Providence had placed him, when after providing for the wants of the day by labour, he retired to his fire side in the evening, and found his wife and children clean and contented. I was caressed from my infancy by a widow lady who lived retired in our parish, on a small income, having seen better days; as I grew up, her regard for me increased, she taught me to read and write, and impressed early on my mind religious principles. Though my understanding was improved, and my ideas enlarged beyond what falls to the lot of most young women of my condition, I cannot help imputing to my acquaintance with this excellent woman the misfortunes of my future life; I spent the greatest part of the day with her, and whilst my sister was assisting my mother in the work of the house, and qualifying herself to perform the duties of a mother and a wife, I was poring over every book I could borrow, reading to my benefactress, or sitting down to ornamental needle-work, but wholly ignorant of and unable to mend my father's stockings, dress his dinner, or clean the house. I should not do justice to my mother, if I omitted acknowledging that she saw and reprov'd my conduct; she insisted that a sedentary genteel life was not proper for a girl with my humble prospects, and that to be fine-fingered as she used to call it, was not calculated for poor

people, particularly those who mean to live honest; I felt the truth of what she said, but had not the resolution to diminish the enjoyments of the present hour, by providing for circumstances in which I hoped never to be placed.

When I was sixteen years of age, my valuable friend died; my sister soon after was married to a farmer, to whom she makes a good and useful wife, and I had no companions but my father and mother; for I looked down with secret contempt on the young men and women of the village. My parents saw with concern that I was not qualified to go through the drudgery of a cottage: I lost my appetite and spirits, they frequently found me in tears; it was the struggle of pride and vanity rebelling against the duties imposed on me by Providence. After consulting with a distant relation, a shopkeeper in the neighbouring town, who was for everybody's trying their luck in London, his opinion prevailed, and I was conveyed to town in a road-waggon, resolving to *better myself*, as it is called, and if possible get an easy genteel place, with little work and high wages. Thus pride and laziness were my ruin.

(To be continued).

**IRISH WHISKY.**—*Whisky-Drinker.*—Colour, Sir, is everything.

*Cantab.*—Indeed! I thought that Irishmen observed in whisky as in love, the "*nimum ne crede colori*" principle.

*Whisky-Drinker.*—In love, my boy, you are pretty right as regards the great nation in general; and as regards myself in particular, I confess to have paid most disinterested attention to all ages of the softer sex, from sixteen to fifty, and to all colours, if you will just leave out downright ebony black.

*Cantab.*—To the colour of your favourite "*comforter*" you are faithful. Now, as we cannot on this side of St. Patrick's herring brook get a sight of the orthodox hue without difficulty, it would be consolatory to know those particular ones which we should avoid. Our Anglo-Irish whisky boasts almost as many as Iris's bow.

*Whisky-Drinker.*—Barring the brightness, Ceres has nothing to say to the composition of such atrocious liquors, nor Iris to their general effect. The odious colours to avoid are the dirty-pale, like an icicle in a consumption, and the whity-brown, which most resembles a love-sick lady of the tropics.

*Cantab.*—The "*dirty-pale*" is a corruption of the Scotch, I suppose, for I have always observed the Glenlivet and Fairintosh—at least, what I have seen of those distillations—to be of a pure pellucid colour, like rock-water.

*Whisky-Drinker.*—Decidedly. The tavern-keepers mix water with the Scotch juice, to increase the quantity at the expense of the quality; and very often, to compensate for the diminished strength, they add vitriol, or spirits of soap.

*Cantab.*—Spirits of soap!

*Whisky-Drinker.*—Well, there is something mighty soapy about it; for if you put a spoonful of it into either hand, and rub your palms together, you may have a patent lathering-box any morning you want to have a clean shave, grog-blossoms, and all. Now, the pure, unadulterated spirit raises no soap-suds, but evaporates as quickly as spirits of wine, or an Irishman's passion.

*Cantab.*—Well, as to the "*whity-brown*?"

*Whisky-Drinker.*—That's murder in Irish! or at least, manslaughter of the Irish staple by a dirty attempt to physic it with an infusion of burnt-sugar, and doubly-diluted London stout.

*Cantab.*—That, however, is the colour of the newest and most-approved of article in the London market.

*Whisky-Drinker.*—Of course it is. The Londoners, properly so called, are the queerest race of bipeds in the world. They won't have things natural, like other people, but coloured up to their own notions of the correct. Look at the sherries and brandies that are coloured for the London market. O, Cockney! Cockney!! Cockney!!!

*Cantab.*—And the general colour, after all—what may it be?

*Whisky-Drinker.*—The colour of Ceres's harvest crown.—From "*Noctes Nectaree*," in Bentley's *Miscellany*.

**CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.**—How truly and characteristically expressed was the following opinion by Sydney Smith, at the juncture of the first agitation of this subject in England! The passage occurs in the now almost-forgotten, but, at the time much-quoted *Peter Plumby's Letters to his Brother Abiahram*:—"Whatever you think of the Catholics, there they are—you cannot get rid of them: your alternative is to give them a lawful place for stating their grievances, or an unlawful one: if you do not admit them to the House of Commons, they will hold their parliament in Potatoe-place, Dublin, and be ten times as violent and inflammatory as they would be in Westminster.

#### LOVE AND DESTINY.

'Tis vain to fly from Destiny,

Since all is ruled above—

Nature has flow'rs, and night has stars,

And woman's heart has LOVE.—*Sibyl's Leaves*.



## MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,

MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Continued from our last, page 99.)

She was a handsome woman, though evidently some years older than myself. She wore a dress of printed Irish muslin, with a black gauze cloak and a chip hat, trimmed with pale lilac ribbons; she was tall, and had a very pleasing countenance: her manner was timid and confused; her lips as pale as ashes. I commiserated her distress, desired her not to be alarmed, and we took our seats with increased composure.

"I came to inquire whether or not you are acquainted with a Mr. Robinson," said I.

"I am," replied Miss Wilmot. "He visits me frequently." She drew off her glove as she spoke, and passing her hand over her eyes, I observed on her finger a ring, which I knew to have been my husband's.

"I have nothing more to say," added I, "but to request that you will favour me with Mr. Robinson's address; I have something which I wish to convey to him." She smiled and cast her eyes over my figure; my dress was a morning *dishabille* of India muslin: with a bonnet of straw, and a white lawn cloak, bordered with lace.

"You are Mr. Robinson's wife," said she with a trembling voice: "I am sure you are; and probably this ring was yours; pray receive it—"

I declined taking the ring. She continued: "Had I known that Mr. Robinson was the husband of such a woman—"

I rose to leave her.—She added: "I never will see him more—unworthy man—I never will again receive him." I could make no reply; but rose and departed.

On my return to Hatton-garden I found my husband waiting dinner. I concealed my chagrin; we had made a party that evening to Drury Lane Theatre, and from thence to a select concert at the count de Belgeioso's, in Portman-square. Lord Lyttelton was to join us at both places. We went to the play; but my agitation had produced such a violent headache that I was obliged to send an apology for not keeping our engagement at the imperial ambassador's.

On the following morning I spoke to Mr. Robinson respecting Miss Wilmot. He did not deny that he knew such a person; that he had visited her; but he threw all the blame of his indiscretion on Lord Lyttelton. He requested to know who had informed me of his conduct. I refused to tell; and he had too high an opinion of his false associate to suspect him of such treachery.

At one of Mrs. Parry's card parties I met Mrs. Abingdon. I thought her the most lively and bewitching woman I had ever seen: her manners were fascinating, and the peculiar tastefulness of her dress excited universal admiration. My imagination again wandered to the stage, and I thought the heroine of the scenic art was of all human creatures the most to be envied.

About this period I observed that Mr. Robinson had frequent visitors of the Jewish tribe; that he was often closeted with them, and that some secret negociation was going forward to which I was a total stranger. Among others, Mr. King was a constant visitor; indeed he had often been with my husband on private business ever since the period of our marriage. I questioned Mr. Robinson upon the subject of these strange and repeated interviews. He assured me that the persons I had seen came merely upon law business, and that, in his profession, it was necessary to be civil to all ranks of people. Whenever I urged a farther explanation he assumed a tone of displeasure, and requested me not to meddle with his professional occupations: I desisted; and the parlour of our house was almost as much frequented by Jews as though it had been their synagogue.

Mr. Robinson's mornings were devoted to his bearded friends; his evenings to his fashionable associates; but my hours were all dedicated to sorrow; for I now heard that my husband, even at the period of his marriage, had an attachment which he had not broken; and that his infidelities were as public as the ruin of his finances was inevitable. I remonstrated—I was almost frantic. My distress was useless, my wishes to retrench our expenses ineffectual. Mr. Robinson had, *previous to our union*, deeply involved himself in a bond debt of considerable magnitude; and he had from time to time borrowed money on annuity—one sum to discharge the other, till every plan of liquidation appeared impracticable. During all this time my mother was at Bristol.

Lord Lyttelton, finding every plan of seduction fail, now rested his only hope of subduing my honour in the certainty of my husband's ruin. He therefore took every step, embraced every opportunity of involving him more deeply in calamity. Parties were made to Richmond and Salt Hill, to Ascot Heath and Epsom Races; in all of which Mr. Robinson bore his share of expense, with the addition of post-horses. Whenever he seemed to shrink from his augmenting indiscretion, Lord Lyttelton assured him that, through his interest, an appointment of honourable and pecuniary importance should be obtained; though I embraced every opportunity to assure his lordship that no consideration upon earth should ever make me the victim of his artifice.

Mr. Fitzgerald still paid me unremitting attention. His manners

towards women were beautifully interesting. He frequently cautioned me against the libertine Lyttelton, and as frequently lamented the misguided confidence which Mr. Robinson reposed in him:—Lord Lyttelton's shameless conduct towards an amiable wife, from whom he was separated and his cruel neglect of a lady of the name of Dawson, who had long been attached to him, marked the unworthiness of his character; he was the very last man in the world for whom I ever could have entertained the smallest partiality; he was to me the most hateful of existing beings. Probably these pages will be read, when the hand that writes them moulders in the grave; when that God who judges all hearts will know how innocent I was of the smallest conjugal infidelity. I make this solemn asseveration, because there have been malevolent spirits who, in the plenitude of their calumny, have slandered me by suspecting my fidelity even at this early period of my existence. These pages are the pages of truth, unadorned by romance, and unembellished by the graces of phraseology; and I know that I have been sufficiently the victim of events, too well, to become the tacit acquiescer where I have been grossly misrepresented. Alas! of all created beings I have been the most severely subjugated by circumstances more than by inclination.

About this time a party was one evening made to Vauxhall. Mr. Fitzgerald was the person who proposed it, and it consisted of six or eight persons; the night was warm and the gardens crowded; we supped in the circle which has the statue of Handel in its centre. The hour growing late or rather early in the morning, our company dispersed, and no one remained excepting Mr. Robinson, Mr. Fitzgerald, and myself; suddenly a noise was heard near the orchestra; a crowd had assembled, and two gentlemen were quarrelling furiously. Mr. R. and Fitzgerald ran out of the box. I rose to follow them, but they were lost in the throng, and I thought it most prudent to resume my place, which I had just quitted, as the only certain way of their finding me in safety. In a moment Fitzgerald returned. "Robinson," said he, "is gone to seek you at the entrance-door; he thought you had quitted the box." "I did for a moment," said I, "but I was fearful of losing him in the crowd, and therefore returned."

"Let me conduct you to the door; we shall certainly find him there," replied Mr. Fitzgerald: "I know that he will be uneasy."—I took his arm, and we ran hastily towards the entrance door on the Vauxhall Road.

[To be continued Weekly.]

**LACE MAKING.**—In the interior of Africa Mungo Park found the woman of the house, with the greater part of her family, spinning cotton throughout a great part of the night, and lightening their task with songs, one of which is that extempore chant on the sad case of the white stranger they had taken in. The labour of grinding corn by the hand, imposed on females or on captives, is uniformly described as being, what a description of the clumsy process would certainly lead us to expect, a most cruel drudgery. At the present day, if we go into the villages of Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire, we shall often find nearly half the female population at the lace pillow, twirling their bobbins for many hours of candle-light at either end of the winter day. The toil is so great, that it is scarcely possible for the younger hands to sustain it, amid the diversions and distractions of home; so they are crowded into miserable little "schools," where the light of four or five consumptive-looking "dips" is economically transmitted and condensed through twenty glass bottles to as many lacemakers. A girl of fifteen must work hard to earn half-a-crown a-week, and the sedentary nature of the employment is said to give an unhealthy keenness to the appetite. In this case it is the competition among the lacemakers themselves—the immense increase in their number—much more than the use of Nottingham net or any other external cause, which has lowered the remuneration to that starving point. The lacemakers of Normandy work through a great part of the winter night in their stables, among the cows, whose fragrant breathes and huge warm bodies serve them for stoves. Yet all this, we may say, is nature, at least a very slight portion of art ingrafted on rural life, certainly not the result of any great tyranny—no mighty social oppression—and almost utterly beyond the reach of legislation.

**THE LAWYER'S CLERK.**—The managing clerk was forty-six, but looked sixty-four. His head was small and shrivelled, his hair a light pepper-and-salt colour; his white neckcloth appeared as if it had been washed in camomile tea; he had a black coat, rapidly becoming brown; gray pantaloons, and black gaiters; and always wore a crape on his hat, though nobody ever heard of his having or losing a relative. The four terms were to him the four seasons: Hilary—his spring, Easter—his summer, Trinity—his autumn, and Michaelmas—his winter. He had never read any book but a law-book since he left off studying "Vyse on Spelling;" and if he read a newspaper, it was that interesting portion headed *Nisi Prius*. His knowledge of the fine arts was confined to the pictures of the judges in the Court of Chancery; and he went to the play but once, at half-price, attracted by the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice* and *Love, Law, and Physic*.—*Heads of the People.*



## Pictures of London News.



## THE INDIAN MARRIAGE AT ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

We have appended a sketch of the novel and interesting ceremony which a short time back was performed in St. Martin's Church, viz. the marriage of Alexander Cadotte, interpreter of the Ojibbeway Indians, now in the metropolis, to Miss Sarah Haynes, aged eighteen, daughter of Mr. Haynes, of Pentonville. The bride presented a most interesting appearance. She is a delicate looking young lady, of pale complexion, with dark hair. She was attired in flowing white, with a veil which reached from a wreath of orange blossoms encircling her hair to the bottom of her dress. The bridegroom was habited in a robe of blue cloth, handsomely trimmed with shells and Indian needlework round the neck, arms, and edges. He also wore a rich head-dress, but somewhat different from those worn by the Indians, and over his surcoat a scarlet shawl of the brightest colour, and his feet were clothed with a pair of mocassins, presented to him by the war chief, adorned with the most curious needlework, made of the skin of the moose deer. On taking his place at the rails of the communion, he divested himself of his head-dress and shawl, and having gracefully placed his intended bride on his left hand, the clergyman proceeded to unite them in bonds indissoluble. The entire proceeding was characterized by an interest almost without parallel in the annals of wedlock, and the requisite forms and signatures having been gone through in the vestry, the wedding cortege took their departure in the order they entered.

**HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR SOAP?**—The meaning of this common question has been given by Prof. Liebig in his "Familiar Letter on Chemistry." He observes, "the quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilization." Some hundred years hence our present state will be thus described. "Nothing is more remarkable in the history of this period than the desire of all classes to judge of each other by their command of money, and employment of it in promoting the arts of life. The very boys in the streets would address the passers-by with a question which, as we are assured by a contemporary writer, meant simply, where are you in the scale of wealth and civilization?"

**GEORGE THE FOURTH'S VISIT TO IRELAND.**—The following biting sarcasm was penned on the eve of George the Fourth's departure for the Emerald Isle:

I've often heard, on Irish ground,  
No noxious animals are found,  
And, if my chance they're carried there,  
They quickly die in her pure air:  
I really hope 'tis no such thing—  
England so *doots* upon her King.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands!  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns what'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat, and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly,  
Like chaff from the threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it make his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped,  
Each burning deed and thought!

**A GHOST STORY.**—A few days ago a rumour prevailed in the town of Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, that a man and his wife, of the name of Ingerson, had been visited the previous night by a ghost, in the shape of a woman dressed in white. Ingerson stands upwards of six feet, and is proportionately stout, and lives in part of a house which communicates internally with the other part. He went to bed early the preceding night with his wife, and about twelve o'clock they heard their bed-room door open and shut, and on looking up were horrified at beholding the object alluded to. Ingerson, with great awe and fear, muttered "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, what dost thou do here?" To which he received no reply, but was seized by it and nearly dragged out of bed, thus showing that, if not an able-bodied, it was a powerful ghost to move the body of Ingerson against his wife. The ghost then slammed the door to, as if in anger, probably at not being able to take away to other regions the inanimate Ingerson. At four o'clock it repeated the visit, and paid the same attentions to Ingerson, leaving in the like unceremonious manner. On the following night, to test this relation, a primitive preacher, named Poole, slept with Ingerson, when they were again visited; but what further occurred neither Mr. Poole nor Ingerson deign to tell, and firmly resolve never to relate to mortal. This last interview has been so far satisfactory that the ghost is never to appear again, either to Ingerson or his wife, or any other person. Poole having completely subdued "the wandering spirit," and "hurried it to its confines." Such is the true version of this marvellous tale, a great portion of the inhabitants entirely believing it, shuddering with dread at the awful visitings experienced by Ingerson, and the courage, piety, and power of Poole.



## Pictures of News.

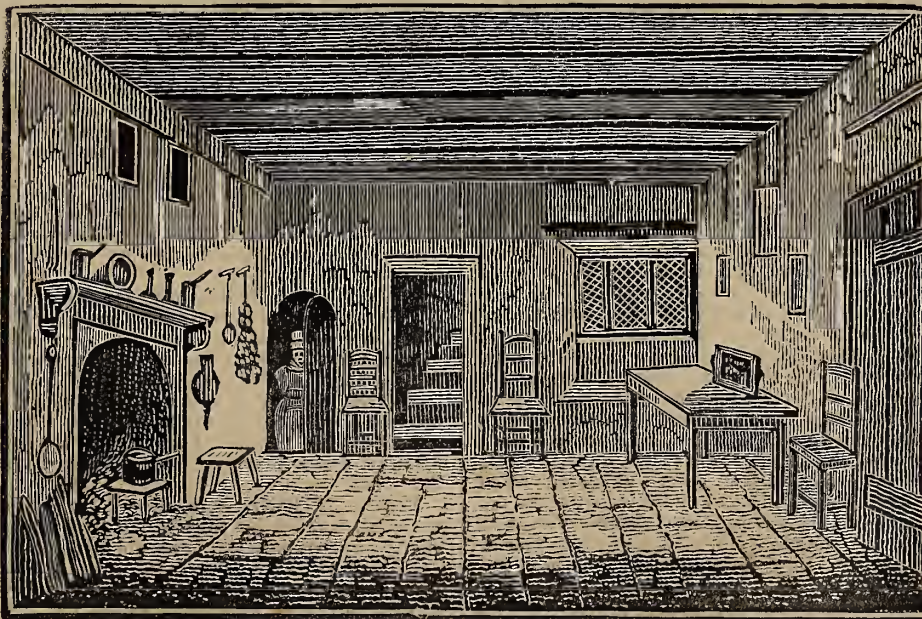


BACK OF THE HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE SEALYS

**MURDER OF A FATHER AND AN AUNT BY A FEMALE.**

— The annexed woodcuts, for the spontaneous loan of which we tender our best acknowledgments to the editor of the *Somerset County Gazette*, represents the farm-house, which was the scene of the late dreadful occurrence that has caused so much excitement in Somerset and the adjoining counties. The particulars of this shocking murder have appeared in all the newspapers, and our readers must be well acquainted with the facts. The trial of the prisoner, Mary Sealy, very recently came off, and a jury of her countrymen pronounced her innocent. It is not for

us to impugn the verdict of the jury—they gave it conscientiously according to their notion of the evidence laid before them. The prisoner was charged with having caused the death of her father, William Sealy, by administering poison to him; she was also charged on another indictment with having murdered her aunt, an old woman, seventy-nine years of age, by strangling her. On both charges she was found not guilty, although the evidence was strongly against her. The verdict was received with loud execrations by the multitude who had assembled round the court-house to abide the issue of the trial. The public feeling was strongly excited against the accused, and when she was removed from the guard-room, a guard of officers was obliged to be placed around her,



THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY BETTY SEALY.

in order that she might be protected from the infuriate rage of the mob. The house where these horrible occurrences took place is at present in a very dilapidated state, and was evidently at one time occupied by highly respectable people. Only that portion on the left was occupied by the Sealys, the remainder being used for agricultural purposes. The first woodcut represents the back part of the house, with the farm-yard adjoining, which it was necessary to pass through in getting to the old woman's house by the usual entrance. Mary Sealy, the prisoner, lived in the front portion of the house,

which is entered from the turnpike road. The second woodcut is a representation of the room on the ground-floor occupied by Betty Sealy. The entrance from the farm-yard was nearly opposite the wood-house in which the old woman sat watching, and near which she was found after the perpetration of the murder, with her face blackened with convulsions, her head hanging on her shoulder—representing a most ghastly appearance, showing the cause of her death to have been strangulation; on the right is the door which leads into the pantry, and by which it was supposed the murderer entered the room from the adjoining tenement.

The confession of Mary Sealy, made some months since, descriptive of the poisoning of her father, is as follows :—



"My sister asked me, the same week my father was taken ill, if I had made up my mind about going to Taunton on Tuesday; I told her I had; she said she wanted me to buy something for her; I asked her what it was; she never told me till I was going away; when I was going away I asked her what it was I was going to bring for her; she asked me if I would bring her a pennyworth of arsenic; I asked her where I could get it; she answered at Mr. Joyce's, where she had got it several times before; she said "You mind, you must have some one to go with you." I asked her "Who can I get, except Mr. Green's servant?" she asked me who she was; I said Ann Richards, that lived at Mr. Woolcott's, at Bishop's Lydeard; I said "I don't know if I shall buy it or not;" she asked "Why can't you get it as well as I can?" I said "If it is a strong poison they won't let me have it without I carry an order;" she said "if they ask you what it is for, it is to poison rats." I said "I don't hear any rats here about the house;" she said "No, if there was a waggon and horses go thro' the bed-room you would not hear it;" I then said no more, but came away to Taunton. I went to the Half Moon and saw Ann Richards; I asked her if she would go to the shop with me; she said she could not; and her fellow servant went. When I asked Mr. Beadon for it, he said he would not let me have it without I had a note, or a proper person from the house, a person whom he knew; he then asked what it was for; I said it was not for myself, but for some person that I knew; he said he would not let me have it, and I then went to Mr. Joyce's; his boy was in the shop alone; I wanted some other things, and after I had had them I asked for the arsenic, to poison rats, as my sister told me; I said I could say no further than that it was not for myself; he did it up in three papers; he told me to be very careful what I did with it, because ever so little would poison a man; he added "I can plainly say, and not tell a word of a story, that there's enough to poison a thousand men." I said I should not have any hand with it, and that I would tell the person what he did say; I paid him for it, and came away; we stopped there about ten minutes. When I came home I gave it to sister—she put it in her pocket, I did not see anything more of it till Thursday dinner-time. My father was fond of salt fish, and generally had one for his breakfast and dinner, with a roe if he could get it; my sister dressed it; I was up-stairs cleaning the room; when I came down I saw my sister with the roe out on the plate; she had got the same parcel as I brought from Taunton, shaking some of it on the middle of the milt of the fish; I went out of doors, and said nothing to her; my father came into dinner, he sat down and had a pipe of tobacco; then he went out to work; he did not complain till he came home in the evening; when he came home, I was out in the garden; he came in and sat down, and rested his elbow on the table; he then asked Mary for a cup of tea; she gave it to him; I went up-stairs: he took his tea, and then went to bed; we stopped up with him till between eleven and twelve o'clock; my sister asked him if he would take anything before we went to bed; he asked her what she had got, whether any groats or arrow root, and he ate it; he seemed better after that: we both went to bed then: when we were in bed about half an hour he was taken worse; then he was taken very sick; she asked if he would have a light struck; he said he would not; we left him all night, and about six o'clock next morning we again saw him; sister then got him a cup of tea: he asked her to go for Mr. Mortimer for him, and she went: Mr. Mortimer came up and told sister she was to go back with him, and he would put up some stuff for him; Charlotte Hayes's mother was going down to Bishop's Lydeard, and she said she would bring it; she brought it home, but father still continued worse after that. On Saturday morning she went to Mr. Mortimer's again, and he sent some powders and a bottle of something else; she was to have a glass to give it him; father was to drink it while it was boiling up; after he took that, my sister took three of the powders and went down stairs: she was down about five minutes; father asked why she did not come up and sit down with me, and asked me to go down and see what she was about: I pulled off my shoes and went down; when I came down, she was back by the dresser with these three powders; she had the powders open, with the parcel which I brought from Mr. Joyce's by the side of them; she had a spoon in her hand mixing them. I asked her what she was about, and she said she should be up directly; I told her father was quite angry that she was not up-stairs; she soon came up with these powders, and put them down a little way from the others; when he came to take them again, the other did not boil at all; after he took that one, he felt a great deal worse; so he was after the next again. Between five and six o'clock he took another; that one was about three-parts as large again as either of the others; father said he could compare that one to nothing but flour and water; that was the last he took, and that made him so ill that he would not take any more; he continued worse and worse until he died; he took nothing else but tea after that."

**EMULATION AMONGST SONG BIRDS.**—A gentleman had an American mocking-bird in such health and vigour, that it was either constantly singing or else imitating the various sounds it heard. In order to try the powers of this bird, its owner purchased a fine sky-lark. When placed

in the same room with the mocking-bird, the song of the former was heard to echo through the house as if it were chanting "on fluttering wing," its well known welcome to the rising sun. The mocking-bird was silent for some time, but at last burst forth in the strains of the "aerial songster," but louder and clearer, as if mounting and stretching its wings towards heaven. The lark was silent from that moment, nor was a joyous note ever heard from it afterwards. Wishing to test the powers of the mocking bird still further, an unusually large price was given for a blackbird, celebrated for its vocal powers. It was placed in the same room with the mocking bird; early on the second morning its song was resumed, and its charming notes were warbled forth with all the sweetness and modulations which may be heard in its native "thorny brakes." The mocking bird listened, and was silent for some time, then all at once the blackbird's notes were heard to issue forth, but sweeter and louder than those of the woodland songster. The poor blackbird heard them, felt that it was conquered, remained silent, drooped, pined, and died. From the above facts, emulation would seem to be one of the exciting causes of the songs of birds.

#### "DROLL THINGS FOR THE PASSENGERS,"

From a New Publication, called "The Railway Bell" (Price 1d.), which all Classes seem to be ringing; it consists of Time Tables and amusing Extracts, just suited to Railway Travellers.

**A CLIMBER.**—There is a youth, living down East, who is said to be so tall, that he is obliged to ascend a ladder to scratch his head.

**SHAKESPEARE MODERNIZED.**—Two loafers were spouting the other day in front of the Bank, when one drew a wallet from his pocket, and said, "He who steals my purse, steals trash."—"Yes," replied the other, "and he who filches from you your good name, takes from you what you never had!"

**A YANKEE CAT (WITH A TAIL).**—A large wild-cat was killed in Topsfield, Massachusetts, on the 24th ultimo, which had taken possession of a barn, and was indulging in the pleasures of life by feasting on two fat hens. He weighed seventy-five pounds, and measured, from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, four and a half feet.—What a whopper!

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—A Yankee dining at a Table d'Hôte, was observed to take a pinch of salt, and put a spoonful of snuff on the edge of his plate.

**ANSWER, BY A WAG.**—Sir, In obedience to your orders, I have sent, per rail, two bushels of the best oats, and, as you have to treat the old mare, have sent you some bran to make a mash.

**NEWSPAPER ECONOMY.**—In speaking of a forest which was going to be inclosed, a country paper made the following remark: "This waste will be a great saving to the country."

**HOW TO PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.**—Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a load of wealth, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die: what a prudent, generous, kind-hearted soul you will be!

**MODESTY.**—An Irishwoman once called upon an apothecary with a sick infant, when he gave her some powder, of which he ordered her so much, as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning. The woman replied, "Perhaps, your honour would lend me the sixpence the while, as I have not got one by me at all, at all."

**BITING SARCASM.**—An English sailor observing some slaves marched down to the quay to be freighted to New Orleans slave-market, said to his companion: "I say, Jin, if the devil don't catch them 'ere fellows as drives them poor creatures along, it's no use having a devil, that's all."

**TITHE IN KIND.**—Mr. S—, the lay-impropriator of Wilton, Somerset, claimed the tithe of the treadmill in that town. The parishioners determined that he should take it in kind.

**NAMES OF THE MONTHS.**—A late wit, at the time when the revolutionary names of the months (Thermidor, Floral, Nivose, &c.) were adopted in France, proposed to extend the innovation to our own language, somewhat on the following model:—Freezy, Sneezy, Breezy, Wheezy; Showery, Lowery, Flowery, Bowerly; Snowy, Flowy, Blowy, Glow.

**NEW THEOLOGICAL SECT.**—At a dinner party in Dublin, where a furious theological controversy occurred, B—, losing his temper, boisterously said to a stranger who sat next him, "On which side, Sir, are you!—are you an Atheist or a Deist?" "Oh, neither, Sir," was the immediate reply; "I am a Dentist."

**CAUSE OF RED HAIR.**—A sailor who had served on board the Romney, with Sir Home Popham, after returning home from India, finding that wigs were all in fashion, bespoke a red one, which he sported at Portsmouth, to the great surprise of his companions. On being asked the cause of the change of colour in his hair, he said, "it was occasioned by his bathing in the Red Sea."



**DISCOUNTING ATTORNEYS.**—There is a species of blood-sucker, called bill discounting attorneys. They have their imps, or emissaries, who are called "bill agents," and who are continually on the watch for the unwary. These agents infest coffee-houses, taverns, and divans, and contrive to procure acceptances of young men—of course, on the faith of returning the bills or the cash at a given time—neither of which is often done. But if the paper be small and the acceptor good, just as a bait for future business, when the bill is three parts run, and the money is of little use, the cash is handed over—minus a bonus, which, in few instances, is less than sixty per cent. on the amount of the acceptance. When the bill arrives at maturity, the imp offers to procure its renewal, and represents his principal (whose name, by the way, is always a profound secret) to be a very strict and punctual gentleman, very rich, and very unwilling to renew small bills. A large bonus in cash is demanded of, and paid by, the victim; and a fresh acceptance, to a larger amount, is given. At length, but much too soon, arrives the dreaded day for payment; and then the principal, the demi-devil, begins his work. A young man, more wild than wise, dishonoured his bill: the holder, an attorney, sued out his writ of summons. The youth was well connected, and possessed some landed property in reversion. It was, therefore, clear to the attorney, that if the writ were properly served, the defendant could, within the eight days, have raised the money to pay the debt and costs; but it did not suit the views of the plaintiff to accept only 3*l.* for costs; he must, at least, have the costs of a declaration also. A Jew was therefore procured, to make an affidavit that he had duly served the writ; and the rascal, to save his conscience, putting his thumb through the button-hole of his coat, swore by Jehovah it was *thru*. Well, by this contrivance, an appearance was entered for the defendant *sec. stat.*; a declaration filed, and notice thereof left at the defendant's lodging. The poor astonished defendant ran to his attorney, who applied to a judge in proper form, to set aside the service and declaration; the learned judge told him there was no relief—the only course for redress was to indict the deponent for the perjury. And this the honest attorney resolutely determined to do; but who "Moses Aaron, process-server, of No. 1, Virtue Court, in the county of Middlesex," was, or where in the county of Middlesex "Virtue Court" was situate, he never could discover. The four days for pleading had now expired, and the plaintiff snapped his judgment. Observe, in this case the attorney drew the bill; the action, therefore, was in debt—drawer against acceptor—and the judgment final. The next day an execution was levied on the goods at the young man's residence; these goods were the property of the young man's mother, and the levy illegal. Nevertheless, the officer threatened to carry away every stick that instant if the debt was not immediately paid, or something satisfactory done. He inquired very particularly if the young man had no title-deeds or securities in the house? He answered, No; it was true he had property at Greenwich, but the deeds relating thereto were then with a friend who was trying to raise money for him upon the security of their deposit; and he begged the officer to consider the age and infirmity of his poor mother, and remain in possession at least that night, and the next day he would see his friend, or his attorney, and borrow the money to pay him out. The officer at first seemed obdurate; but at length, to the young man's delight, his heart appeared to soften, and he whining said, "I am your friend; I wish to make you comfortable, but I must do the thing that's right: of course, this debt must be paid. Now Mr. R., you know, who lives at No. —, Clifford's Inn (this is his card), is very rich, and though he has brought this action, bless you he is as kind a man as ever breathed; and I know, if you would only take him your deeds, he would lend you all the money on them, and three times as much, without a word. You have no *call* for an attorney; bless you, he'll save you all that expense." After a little more it was arranged that they should meet on the following day, at twelve o'clock, at the plaintiff's office; and the officer then withdrew, amidst the tears and sobs of the grateful old lady, and the hearty thanks of the son. The young man was pretty punctual to his appointment, yet the compassionate officer and a friend had been waiting for him some time, at which the young man declared himself much grieved, but said he had had some difficulty in procuring the deeds and papers, which he now produced, and which the new acquaintance immediately seized in execution upon a city warrant for the same debt. All three were now ushered into the private office of the honest Mr. R., who offered to purchase the property of the young man for 60*l.*, and declared that, if he did not comply forthwith, he would have the deeds sold by auction; in which case he assured him they would not fetch enough to pay the debt and costs of action, and the expenses of sale, auction duty, &c. &c. and he would still be his debtor. Whereas, if he accepted this liberal offer, he would not only clear himself of debt, but actually put five pounds into his pocket; then, looking at his watch, he exclaimed, "I've an appointment—I must run—I can waste no more time with you, Sir." The two officers commended the munificence of Mr. R., and the young man at length assented. Mr. R. now dismissed him, but directed him to return at five o'clock, accompanied by his mother. In the interim a conveyancer was sent for from Chancery Lane; and a complete conveyance of the freehold and all interest therein was drawn

and engrossed, and which, upon the young man's return, he duly executed. The mother also ignorantly signed a perfect release to the first-mentioned officer, and an undertaking not to sue for the wrongful levy, or take any advantage of the laches. A receipt for the debt and costs (55*l.*) was given to the young man, and also a five pound note; and thus his business was concluded—thus the lad was cheated, and thus the rascals secured themselves.

A few weeks afterwards the property was sold at the Auction Mart for 370*l.*!

Beware of a Jew attorney, and especially if he be own brother to a bailiff.

**MISS MELLON AND NELL GWYNN.**—The singular coincidence of the mother of the first and the late wife of the present Duke of St. Alban's being of the same profession, the following similarities, as characteristic of these fortunate fair ones, may not be unworthy of notice. Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn was eminently charitable in her prosperity—so was Miss Mellon—so was Mrs. Coutts—so was the Duchess of St. Alban's. Miss Mellon, whilst on a professional excursion at one of the provincial towns, made a morning visit to the wife of one of the actors, who was in distress. In the same house, which was let in tenements, some poor lodger having experienced a sudden accident, a medical gentleman immediately attended to administer to the sufferer, when, among other necessities, flannel was ordered. The parties had none, and were too poor to purchase, when Miss M., retiring to a back room, immediately returned with a supply, torn into slips, and presenting them, observed to the wife, "Here, good woman, is what is required—apply it instantly, for it is well aired." Need it be added, she had taken off her own petticoat.

**ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.**—A case of painful and singular interest lately occurred on the island of Arran, having a considerable resemblance in its details to some of the tragic border ballads of the olden time. A short time since, the daughter of a respectable farmer in Auchincrain, a village three miles south of Lamlash, was about to be married to a young man of her own rank in life. The marriage day arrived, and, as the custom is, a cavalcade of friends were invited to assemble at her father's house at an early hour, to proceed from thence to meet the bridegroom, who resided in the north end of the island, some fifteen miles distant. The morning was very stormy, so that, from that and other causes, only three appeared to proceed on the journey. The bride felt the circumstance as a contemptuous injury done to her feelings and character, and could not brook the thought of her intended husband witnessing such a small number approaching to meet him on the road, especially as she knew his company would be numerous. So intense did her mental sufferings become, that ere midday reason was unheeded, and the young and blooming bride became a wild and fearful maniac. The anxious bridegroom and his party arrived at her father's house; but she resisted all his entreaties, and refused all consolation. The fearful malady increased till nature was exhausted and vitality expired; and shortly after, her burial bed was made in the cold grave of Kilmorrie churchyard.

### TICKET, No. 3.

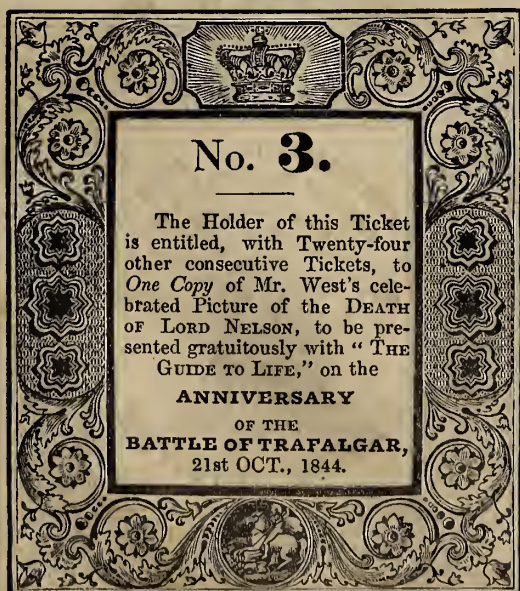




**NATIVE HINDOO CORRESPONDENCE IN INDIA.**—The following two letters are characteristic specimens of the epistolary applications not unfrequently made by the natives of India to their superiors:—  
 “To Captain —, Assistant Commissioner,” &c. &c. “Most honoured Sir, I with most respectful submission beg leave to inform your honour, that altho’ your honour had not find the opportunity of favouring me with a few lines of your safe arrival at the Presidency, yet I am much gratified upon hearing of your having performed the marriage ceremony according to your own pleasure without interruption. I pray the Almighty God to bring your faithful honour to this place with safe and pleasure, and with your congratulating mistress, and our common mother (!) for the purpose of protecting the people who are solely depend upon your patronage. I beg to remain, most honoured Sir, your most obedient and devoted Servant, VENKETA ROW, Moonshee.” “Bangalore, 23d Sept.” The above is *verbatim*, as well as the following, which we think the best of the two:—  
 “Respected Sir, With utmost submission I humbly beg to solicit to your kind notice that I have informed your goodness munificence are in want of a cuddy servant, wherefore I most humbly beg that your *paramount majestration* (!) will particularly remark on my capacity, to enable me to your intended and wanted generosity to my present want.—I humbly hope and solicit, Respected Sir, your most humble and most obedient Servant, J. P.” “To CAPTAIN R—, Commander of Bayan. Madras, 4th April.”

**JOHN KEMBLE IN FALSTAFF.**—John Kemble, it is well known, entertained the intention of acting the character of *Falstaff*; indeed, unless we are much mistaken, his appearance in the part was actually announced. From this undertaking, however, he was dissuaded by his friends, who could see nothing of the humorous fat knight in the grave and dignified representative of the heroes of old Rome. But far other than the conventional stage-*Falstaff*, the model followed more or less closely by the generality of actors, was Kemble’s notion of that extraordinary Shaksperian character, the *Falstaff* of *Henry the Fourth*, not he of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, for between them there are wide differences in many essential respects. Dr. Maginn, in his “Shakspeare Papers,” says, “We must observe that he (*Falstaff*) never laughs. Others laugh with him or at him, but no laughter from him who occasions or permits it. He jests with a sad brow. The wit which he profusely scatters about, is from the head, not the heart. Its satire is slight, and never malignant or affronting, but still it is satirical, and seldom joyous. It is anything but fun. \* \* \* I fear that this conception of the character could never be rendered popular on the stage; but I have heard in private the part of *Falstaff* read with a perfectly grave, solemn, slow, deep and sonorous voice, touched occasionally somewhat with the broken tone of age, from beginning to end, with admirable effect. But I can imagine him painted according to my idea. He is always caricatured, and so he is in the acting.” Did Kemble’s conception of the character bear any affinity to this of Dr. Maginn’s (which not unlikely it did), his performance, though it might not at once have supplanted the popular idea of *Sir John*, would at least have taught the public that he was something superior to the mere fat buffoon to which they had hitherto been accustomed.

### TICKET.



**BANISHMENT TO SIBERIA.**—The punishment of death (says Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, in his “Excursions in Russia,” &c.) being, by ukase of the Empress Elizabeth, *nominal*ly abolished throughout the Russian Empire, except in cases of treason and murder—criminals do sometimes expire under the knout, and in the military punishment of running the gauntlet—the general award, therefore, both for political offences and those of a general nature, is banishment to Siberia, a sentence the proportionate severity of which depends upon the nature of the crime of which the prisoner stands convicted. As regards those exiled for the former, their destiny can by no means be termed a hard one, compared with the fate inflicted for similar transgressions under the other governments of Europe; as, after a short period of severity, their situation is gradually ameliorated, and they become colonists more than captives; and how far civilization has by this means found its way into these dreary wastes, may be gathered from the circumstance of Tobolsk, the capital, being possessed of its opera, saloons, hotels, and all the accompaniments of a great city. The chief hardship of the sentence consists in the journey: when *all, without reference to rank or station, or the nature or magnitude of their offence, are chained together and compelled to march on foot.* \* \* \* The fate of those convicted of murder (whose punishment has been commuted), arson, burglary, or robbery accompanied with violence, is, perhaps, the most wretched the human imagination can conceive; the sentence to the convict is a hundred times more terrible and efficient than if the capital punishment itself had been inflicted, since he must turn to death alone as his best, indeed, only relief, to the life of misery, without intermission, he endures. From the moment of the criminals reaching their destination, the light of heaven is for ever excluded from their view, and it is expressly intimated to them that all further intercourse between mankind and themselves is cut off for ever; their very names even are no longer heard, but by *given numbers* are they summoned by their keepers and jailors to their daily toil, alternately amid the fetid and unwholesome vapours of the mine, and the pestilential heats of the laboratory. Could a similar doom be awarded in England, capital punishment, in all cases, might indeed with safety be abolished.

**FUNERAL GAMES OF THE CIRCASSIANS.**—The fête is opened by a triple discharge of fire-arms belonging to those whose deaths are celebrated, and the women sing their praises. Next, four or six of the nearest relations march round each tomb three times, leading their horses newly caparisoned; they draw a little blood from their ears, which they offer as a libation to the dead, saying these words, “It is for thee.” Each of them then takes a piece of cloth, which they display like a flag, throw themselves on their horses, and ride away at full speed. All the other horsemen hold themselves in readiness to pursue them, in order to capture the pieces of cloth; but the latter consider it a point of honour not to allow them to be taken, but to preserve them to present, in their turns, to the women who attend. A new trial is afterwards performed for each individual, either on horseback or on foot; and the skins of the victims are always the prizes, for shooting either with fire arms or with bows and arrows. The day passes between these games and feasting; each passenger may freely take his share; and a part is sent to those friends who have not been able to attend the fête. In these exhibitions a degree of gallantry towards the fair sex may be observed; for those who carry off the prizes only contend for them to present to the females.—*M. Tausch on the Circassians.*

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All Persons intending to secure a Copy of Mr. WEST’S MATCHLESS PICTURE OF

### THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

On board the “Victory,” at Trafalgar, by means of the Subscription Tickets attached to the Weekly Numbers of *THE GUIDE TO LIFE*, are requested to give their immediate Orders for No. XII, April 6th, to which is appended the First Ticket of the series of Twenty-five Tickets; it is absolutely necessary to hold and produce to the Agents on the 21st of October next, the anniversary of The Battle of Trafalgar. Persons not entering their names during the present month of April will be **entirely excluded** the benefit of the gratuitous presentation of this grand National Present, and will have to purchase the Plate separately at a very serious and considerable cost. The Proprietors having made this announcement in proper time, will not consider themselves responsible for the gift to any but those who are *bona fide* holders of the Twenty-five consecutive Tickets.

The present number of *THE GUIDE* is only a specimen of the great outlay, spirit, and enterprise, with which from Week to Week they are determined regularly to adorn their beautiful and novel publication. In proof also of which, Two distinguished Artists have already been engaged to accompany Her Majesty in her approaching Continental tour.

Subscribers forwarding faithful and original Pictures of News from the Country will have them paid for liberally if accepted,—and if rejected will be carefully preserved for them till called for at our Office.

The Back Numbers forming complete Sets to the *GUIDE*, may be had on application at the Office. Should any of them be out of Print, a reprint will be made of these Numbers every Three Months.

Guide to Life Office,

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